

Lexie's Bitches

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Lexie's Bitches

Copyright© 2022 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

Staring at the expansive farm she had been warned all her life to stay away from, Lexie weighed her options. On the one hand, she could play it safe and take the long way around; and on the other she could cut straight across at a jog and be home that much sooner. Darkness and rain contributing factors, she took a deep breath and then booked it. A third of the way across the massive open field, rain pelting her exposed face and head making it nearly impossible to see, she veered left towards the huge, two-story pole barn she had heard all manner of horror story about. *Old Man Harris was a pervert. Old Man Harris imprisoned trespassers and turned them into his sex slaves. Old Man Harris loved nothing more than humiliating and degrading anyone he could get his hands on.* No proof either way, Lexie darted around the building looking for a way in and just when she was about to give up, she saw it. A partially open window.

Using the booming sound of thunder to mask her presence, Lexie shoved the window up and then climbed through into the dark, but dry structure. Right hand slipping on the sill, she fell face first onto the floor with a pitiful whimper. Forehead bouncing off something decidedly not wood, she reared back just as something slammed down. “What the fuck?” Reaching around, her left hand hit something oddly shaped. Slightly cool to the touch, she ran her fingers along the smooth surface to a tapered, pointy tip. Confusion turning to panic, she threw her arms around wildly until her fingers began poking through holes. *Oh god! Please don't let me be locked in a cage!* She thought as fear welled up like a wave about to crash down upon her.

A dim light flickering on – a nightlight on a timer, allowing her to somewhat see her surroundings. Staring at the metal mesh of a large dog cage, she attempted to force the door open to no avail. Letting her eyes drift down, she saw the object her head bounced off of and ever warning she had ever heard came flooding back all at once in a cacophony of voices. Sitting back, she felt something poking her nether region causing her to inhale sharply as she craned her neck to see another similar but larger object. Having lived on a farm all her life and seeing numerous animals mating, she knew exactly what she was looking at and her heart skipped a beat. Putting all of her weight into pushing against the top, she shoved until a cramp crept into her left calf. *FUCK!* Pushing on the front of the cage, she felt a sudden jolt shooting up her arms causing her to jerk away. Head hitting the top, she was struck by another zap that sent her down. Mouth open in a silent scream, she felt the long length of a dog-cock shaped dildo slam to the back of her throat – stopping only when that large bulge near the base banged against her teeth.

“You have two options,” a deep male voice spoke from the darkness. “You can do as I command, when I command it without complaint and learn a very valuable and perverse lesson in why you should listen to your elders after which you can go home a free, albeit changed woman; or you can refuse and I can call the police and have you arrested for trespassing and breaking and entering for which you’ll spend the rest of your life struggling to get by with a felony hanging over your pretty little head. If you choose option one then strip naked and fuck yourself on both of those cocks. And if you refuse then don’t. You’ve got three minutes to decide.”

“You can’t keep me here against my will! That’s kidnapping!” Lexie said after pulling off the dildo.

“No, it’s holding you until you decide to play along or go to jail,” the man quickly countered. “By the way, I’ve increased the voltage on the cage to maximum so I’d avoid touching it if I were you.”

“What the hell kind of freak puts a damn electrified cage under an open window?” Lexie huffed even as she reluctantly pulled her shirt off – reasoning that one night of humiliation was worth maintaining a clear record.

“What kind of idiot trespasses and breaks into someone else’s property?” the man countered.

“The kind that was trying to get out of a torrential downpour,” Lexie said as he bra hit the bottom of the cage. “I’ve heard stories about you. Are they true? Do you really like humiliating and degrading people? Do you really make them do all those kinky things I’ve heard my parents and their friends talking about?”

“You could’ve ran home, or even knocked on my door and asked to wait out the storm, but instead of doing the logical things, you opted to break the law and now you’re going to pay the price,” Mr. Harris replied. “As for all the things you heard, take a look at your surroundings, sweetheart, and I think you’ll very quickly answer your own questions.” He said as he watched his newest captive struggling to get out of her shorts and panties without touching the charged metal cage.

Contorting her lithe, flexible body, Lexie had her shorts and panties down around her ankles. Kinking the garments off, her right foot went too far. Touching electrified metal, it seized as the current locked every muscle. Wailing, she flailed around, managing to free her foot only to touch several more parts of the deathtrap before finally rolling onto all fours like the dog the cage was designed to hold. Having grown up around animals all her life, she had seen many canine cocks and the dildo she now lowered herself onto, while massive, looked exactly like every single one she had laid eyes on.

“I see you’ve made the right decision,” Mr. Harris said as he watched his captive taking the huge canine dildo to the bulge. “I want to see that knot stretching you open, bitch,” he said, stepping into the dim light of the nightlight. Squatting, he smirked. “You’re going to take it in every single hole before I let you out,” he said, sliding a metal band through a slit in the bottom of the cage. “Put that around your neck, bitch.”

“My name is Lexie,” Lexie said, picking the collar up and placing it around her neck as commanded.

“Maybe, but you’re my bitch now and that’s exactly how you’ll be treated.” Sliding four more metal bands through the slot one after another, he continued. “The larger ones go around your thighs and the smaller your biceps. Put them on and from this point forward you’ll call me Master. Is that understood?”

Pulling her mouth off the dildo, Lexie stared into Mr. Harris’ eyes and gulped back her fear. “Y-Yes Master,” she said, picking up one of the smaller bands which she placed around her right bicep – the magnetic clasp locking it in place. Pressing hard on the huge knot of the dildo stuffing her pussy, she placed the other small band around her left bicep and then put the larger ones around her thighs. “W-What are these for, Master?”

“You’ll see. Now get back to sucking and fucking and don’t stop until you’re pounding that knot in and out of your pussy.”

“I’ve never taken anything this big, Master, so I don’t think it’s ever going to fit,” Lexie grunted as she rode the enormous canine dildo.

“I’ve got all the time in the world. We’ll continue after you’re riding it like a good little bitch.”

“Y-Yes Master.” *This is so fucked up!* She thought, pulling forward until only the tapered tip of the dildo was in her pussy before slamming back hard. Feeling herself stretching ever so

slightly, she did it again. Then a third, fourth and fifth – each time feeling her pussy stretching that much more to accept a knot thicker than her tightly clenched fist. *It's going to happen. He's going to treat me like his sex slave just as everyone warned. He's going to make me have sex with real animals. He's going to humiliate and degrade me in every single, perverse way imaginable and I'm stupidly going to let him do it. OH GOD! Uhn! Uhn! Fucking hell, I can't believe I'm going to get fucked by actual dogs to stay out of jail. UHN! W-What the hell is wrong with me?*

“Seeing as how you’re obviously struggling to take that monster, let me offer an alternative,” Mr. Harris said. “You can stay in there for as long as it takes to go her that knot in your pussy and ass, or I can let you out so the real thing can do it one after another. Either way your holes are going to get completely wrecked. The question is, how long do you want to stay caged like an animal?”

“So it’s true then, Master,” Lexie grunted as she once again tried and failed to force the knot in. “You make women have sex with animals?”

“I don’t make anyone do anything. I gave you a choice and no is an option. Now give me an answer.”

“I’ll do it, Master. Let me out of this thing and I’ll let... I’ll let dogs stretch me open,” Lexie said as her eyes drifted to the partially open barn door.

Whistling loudly, Mr. Harris called in his numerous dogs – breeds of all kinds from golden retrievers and labs, to Saint Bernards and cane corsos. Eleven in total, they spread out in search of any bitch they could find as their Master opened the cage holding the source of the aroma now driving them wild.

Door creaking open, Lexie crawled out of the cage, making it all of five feet before she was mounted by a tan and black cane corso. Her plan of escape cut off, she swallowed her pride and let the large beast have his way. “Please don’t do this to me, Master! I’m sorry I broke in, but... UHN!” the dog’s cock slamming into her like a jackhammer, she slumped her shoulders in defeat. “Uhn! Uhn!... P-Please Master! Uuhhnnn! Please make him stop,” she pleaded as the cock grew larger inside of her with every thrust.

“You said you’d let them stretch you open so be a good bitch and do as you promised,” Mr. Harris commanded. “Or are you a liar as well? Wait, let me guess, you thought you’d crawl out of the cage and then make a break for the door. Am I right? Be honest, bitch, or you’ll only make it worse for yourself.”

“Uhn! I’m being fucked by a dog! H-How the hell can it get any worse, Master? And yes, that was my plan. Uuhhnnn! He... uhn... he’s too big! Please, Master, I can’t have sex with a dog! Please make him stop. Please... uuuhhnnnnnn!” she moaned as the knot pressing against her g-spot sent her into instant orgasm.

“Not only can you have sex with dogs, but apparently you can like it as well. That’s good because you’re going to let all eleven of them mate with their new bitch. And you’re going to do it willingly. Isn’t that right, bitch?”

“Y-Yes Master,” Lexie moaned in defeat as the second orgasm rapidly reached climax.

“And once they’ve all made you their bitch you’re going to kneel in front of me and beg to be my sex slave, Lexie.”

“Y-You know my name?”

“I know the names of everyone living on every farm in a fifty-mile radius and I must say I’ve had many a fantasy of training your sexy ass so not that I’ve got my chance I’m not about to waste it.”

“H-How many... uhn... mmmm... how many have you forced to have sex with your dogs, Master?”

“None. But more than a few are their very willing bitches. Now, look me in the eyes and tell me how you really feel about being their bitch. And remember, lying will only make things worse.”

“I don’t want to like it, Master but... but I... Uuhhnnn! S-Son of a... I hate that I love it, Master. I hate that I agreed to take my clothes off and fuck myself on those dildos. I hate that I crawled out of the cage and didn’t even attempt to stop them mounting. I’ve never been more humiliated and degraded in my life, Master, and... And I love it,” Lexie confessed a beat before the third orgasm sent her head spinning.

“You love having sex with my dogs?”

“Yes Master.”

“And you’ll be their willing bitch from now on?”

“God yes, Master!”

“And you’ll beg me to train you as my sex slave for the privilege of being their bitch?”

“I... please train me as your sex slave, Master,” she begged, unsure whether refusal would get the cops called or not. “Please let me come by every day to have sex with your dogs. Please let me be their bitch,” she panted as she quickly built to another orgasm.”

“Is that what you really want, or are you just saying what you think I want to hear, bitch?”

“I want you to train me, Master, and I want to keep having sex with your dogs. Please, I’ll do whatever you want, just let me be their bitch.” Humiliated and degraded by her own words, Lexie nevertheless felt an odd sense of euphoria saying them. “I’ve never... mmmm... he’s so fucking big! And... uhn... and I think... oh god! I think he’s stuck in me, Master!”

“That means he’s successfully knotted you. Relax and it’ll deflate after he finishes breeding you. Not that he can impregnate you, slave, but I can and will just as soon as he pulls out. Is that going to be a problem?”

“N-No Master. I’m on birth control so you can’t knock me up.”

“Not anymore, slave. If you wish to remain a free woman you’ll stop taking it and if you’re not pregnant in the next six months I’ll make sure you regret lying to me. Understood?”

“Yes, Master, but I literally just turned eighteen. I don’t have a job and I can’t afford to take care of a baby and before you suggest it, I’ll never give my child up for adoption or have an abortion. Also, my parents would kill me if they knew you were the father.”

“You think so, slave? You have an older and younger sister and two younger brothers, right?”

“Yes Master.”

“Miranda is currently seven months pregnant and your mother is a bit more than four. Strange when you consider your father had a vasectomy after Kiera was born,” Mr. Harris said, referring to his newest slave’s older and younger sister respectively. “You’re not the first member of the Cox family that I’ve knocked up and you probably won’t be the last. Your aunt Renee is married to a black man, right, slave?”

“Y-Yes Master.”

“And yet she has very white twin sons. Guess who the father is,” Grant Smirked.

“You’re lying! My mother, sister and aunt would never let you knock them up, Master.”

“No?” Walking away from his kneeling slave, Grant flipped a switch and illuminated the previously dark interior of his dungeon. Going to a row of cages on the opposite end, he opened

one holding a long-haired, pregnant brunette woman in her late thirties. Squatting, he whispered so that only she could hear. *“I know you’ve heard every word, slave, and now it’s time to test your loyalty. You’re going to crawl to your daughter and kiss her on the lips. And you’ll continue kissing her as one of your four-legged Master’s mounts. Is that understood?”*

“Yes Master,” Zoe Cox answered.

Seeing the woman crawling in her direction, it took Lexie’s sex-addled brain a moment to recognize the face of her own mother. Eyes growing wide, she grunted loudly as the cane corso unloaded deep inside of her. “M-Mom? What are you... uhn... d-doing here? Why are you dressed like that?” she asked, taking in the patterned latex thigh-highs, long gloves, headband with ears and crop top that gave the older woman the appearance of a pregnant cow or perhaps dalmatian. “OH GOD! Uuhhnnn...” she moaned as orgasm number four hit her out of nowhere.

Crawling up to her daughter, Zoe placed her right hand on Lexie’s left cheek. “I love you more than anything in this world and I’ll explain everything later, but please, please don’t fight it.” And with that, they were kissing. A moment later and Zoe was mounted by a chocolate lab she knew was named Hershey.

Pulling back at having her own mother’s tongue in her mouth, Lexie stared at her mother in wide-eyed shock. “What the hell are you doing?”

“For both our sakes just play along and kiss me,” her mother replied. “Trust me, you do not want to piss Master off anymore than you already have. Now please, kiss me and don’t stop until Master commands it.”

“But that’s...”

“No worse than getting fucked by dogs,” Zoe cut her daughter off. “Now kiss me!” And with that, she shoved her tongue back into her daughter’s mouth and this time the incestuous act was reciprocated.